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In the Dresden Gallery there are two pictures by Albert Durer, one of "The Bearing of the Cross," in black and white, and a small portrait, dated 1521.

The Gallery of Cassel contains four portraits by this master.

There are several of his secondary productions in the Museums of Frankfort, of Cologne, of Carlsruhe, of Gotha, and of Darmstadt.

The northern capitals of Europe boast the possession of several paintings by Albert Durer. The catalogue of the Imperial Museum of St. Petersburg mentions five; that of the Stockholm Gallery, three; and that of Copenhagen, four; but there is great reason to doubt the truth of their pretensions.

There are enumerated in the official catalogue of the Museum at Madrid, eight productions of Albert Durer, but they are either of little importance or doubtful authenticity.

In the museum at Havre we lately saw a fine "Holy Family," attributed to Albert Durer. Its pedigree, however, was not authenticated.

In the Gallery at Florence may be seen, among other works of this master, "The Adoration of the Magi"—very remarkable; the busts of "The Apostles St. Philip and St. James," painted, in water-colours, in 1516; also the portrait of the artist's father, dated 1490, and that of Albert Durer himself, painted in 1498. These two portraits came from the gallery of Charles I., King of England, upon the dispersion of that monarch's effects by the parliament of the Commonwealth in 1659.

Albert Durer is always seen to disadvantage in the galleries of amateurs; for the compositions they contain are unimportant, and generally limited to portraits and studies of heads, the greater part in black and white.

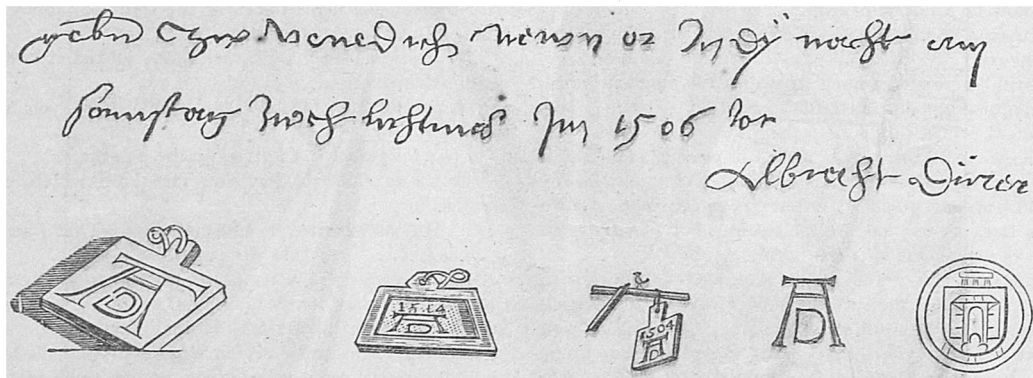
It appears that very few of Albert Durer's works have found their way to public auction.

We have alluded above to the two portraits, now in the Florence Gallery, which formerly belonged to the collection of Charles I. They produced together only £100.

In later years (August, 1850), at the sale of the collection of William II., King of the Netherlands, we have seen that a picture by Albert Durer, representing "St. Hubert," realised, including the expense of the sale, about £350 sterling.

A few words will suffice, in this place, to mark the appreciation in which Albert Durer is held, both as a painter and an engraver. "If," says Vasari, "this diligent, industrious, and *universal* man had been a native of Tuscany, and if he could have studied, as we have done, in Rome, he would certainly have been the best painter in our country, as he was the most celebrated that Germany ever possessed." Hear, too, what Dr. Franz Kugler, one of the most accomplished art-critics of modern times, says of this German contemporary of Raffaele:—"In Durer the style of art existing in his day attained its most peculiar and its highest perfection. Rich and inexhaustible, he became the representative of German art at this period. He was gifted with a power of conception which traces nature through all her finest shades; and, above all, he had an earnest and truthful feeling for his art, united to a capacity for the severest study. His drawing is full of life and character, his colouring has a peculiar brilliancy and beauty; and if, in spite of the shortcomings inevitable to the state of education and public taste in his days, the greater number of his works make a deep impression on the mind and feelings of the spectators, it is a strong proof of the peculiar greatness of his abilities as an artist." Again, in reference to Durer's skill as an engraver—"If we do not discover," says Bryan, "in his works the boldness and freedom so desirable in historical designs, we find in them everything that can be wished for in subjects more minute and more finished. Born in the infancy of the art, he carried engraving to a perfection which, even in this day, is seldom surpassed."

Beneath is a specimen of the hand-writing of this celebrated artist, his signature and seal, together with several of the more common of the monograms which he affixed to his works.



PUNISHMENT OF TORRIGIANO, THE SCULPTOR.

PETER TORRIGIANO, the celebrated Florentine sculptor, who executed the fine monument of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, was once engaged upon a statue of the Infant Jesus for the Duke d'Arcos. The price was not fixed, but the purchaser, who was very rich, had promised to pay for it according to its merit. Torrigiano made it a *chef-d'œuvre*; the grandee himself enthusiastically admired it: he was at a loss for words to express his approbation of it, and on the following day sent his servants with enormous bags of money. At the sight of them the artist thought himself amply recompensed; but on opening the bags he found—thirty ducats in copper. Justly incensed, he seized his hammer, broke the statue, and drove away the servants with their bags, bidding them tell their master what they had just seen. The duke was ashamed of his conduct; but it is impossible to make the great blush without arousing their vengeance. He immediately went to the Inquisitor, accused the artist of having done violence to the Infant Jesus, and pretended to be horrified at so frightful

an outrage. In vain did Torrigiano contend, that one who creates has a right to destroy his own productions; justice pleaded in vain for him, with fanaticism for his judge. The ill-fated man was condemned, and starved himself to death to avoid a worse punishment.

VAN HUYSUM'S SECRET.

THE setting sun was glittering on the windows of a small house in the suburbs of Amsterdam. In a balcony opening upon a parterre sown with anemones, tulips, roses, and may-flowers, stood a man whose pale and haggard features, bent figure, and white and scanty hair, but too clearly indicated the rapid approach of old age and decrepitude.

It was Van Huysum, the celebrated flower painter, whose pictures, treasured in all the collections of Spain, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, are distinguished from all others by a softness and freshness of which he alone seemed to possess the secret.

Before him lay a palette charged with colours, several brushes scattered about, and some sketches apparently just commenced, one of which he still held in his hand; though, as if forced to suspend his labour, he reclined in an arm-chair, his head leaning back, and his eyes half-closed, as if in a swoon. Suddenly a young girl made her appearance at the lower end of the gallery, ran towards him, and asked him with an anxious air what had happened to him.

"Nothing, nothing!" he muttered in reply—"a little weakness, but nothing more; it's over now. I have been trying in vain to set to work to finish those sketches that were promised so long ago; but I'm not able."

"The doctor has warned you, uncle," said the girl gently, "that you must take rest till you are better."

Van Huysum made a gesture of impatience and chagrin. "And when will that be?" he asked in feverish accents; "don't you see there is no sign of it, Gotta?"

"Patience, dear uncle," was her reply; "you see the fine days are coming back again."

"Yes," said the old man, raising himself with a look of animation, "the garden is beginning to bloom, and the birds are singing and building their nests, and the butterflies flitting about; but what avails all this when I can no longer paint them?"

"Oh, in a few weeks more," rejoined Gotta, "you will be able."

"A few weeks! do you know—or are you forgetting how time passes—that before the end of the month I must pay Vanbruk the next instalment of the price of this house, and that I was hoping to meet it by two paintings that I promised Salomon, and that the sketches are still upon the easel just as I left them three months ago? Vanbruk will call for his money in a day or two, and not getting it, will take possession of the house, and deprive me of my flowers and my sun. Delay, you see, is ruin and desolation."

Gotta stood motionless while the old man was speaking, and when he had done, after a short pause said softly, "Trust in God: I know he'll not desert you."

Van Huysum shook his head, and there was silence for some moments.

"And still," he added a moment afterwards, in a low voice, as if soliloquising, "and still, if I could get assistance, like other painters, whose pupils help them."

"And so you can, uncle, whenever you please," said Gotta.

"Aye, and let them discover my secret," interrupted the painter, with an angry look, "so that no one could distinguish my works from theirs; no, no, the bouquets of Van Huysum shall always remain the only ones of their kind."

So saying, he closed the box containing his colours with testy haste, and drew the curtain over his canvas, and casting a suspicious glance at his niece, exclaimed, "I'll engage you would like to learn yourself, Gotta, what patience and perseverance have taught me. But no—if you please—you shan't know. When presents are two costly, the recipients are apt to be ungrateful. Find it out, my girl, find it out, as I found it out myself. Since I grew ill you have painted more than usual. Have you made much progress? Let me see, Gotta; show me your latest attempts."

"Oh, they're not worth your notice, uncle," said Gotta, blushing and looking rather embarrassed.

"Come, come, show them to me," replied Van Huysum.

"I mustn't refuse you good advice; you have the stuff in you to make a good painter; but you must seek out your own style."

There was nothing for it but to comply; so Gotta went out and brought in a small square piece of canvas in a frame, and on it painted a bouquet of flowers, principally snowdrops and campanulas. Van Huysum examined it attentively, and at first his countenance darkened.

"Ah! you paint very well, Gotta," said he; "your tone is delicate, your drawing is correct and harmonious; here are some leaves which are absolutely perfect; it's a masterpiece, my dear; in the long run you'll form a school, and throw Van Huysum into the shade."

This was said in a tone half earnest, half ironical and bitter. It was evident that the painter's jealousy was struggling within him with the man's affection and generosity. He placed the picture at a little distance from him, that he might better observe its effect; and after looking at it in silence for some minutes, his face became lighted up with a smile.

"Yes," he said slowly to himself, "the little thing has some taste; but yet it's not my style, nor my colouring. Let us see, Gotta, how much will Salomon give you for this?"

"What he gave me for the former ones, I suppose, uncle—five ducats."

Van Huysum rubbed his hands with delight. "Good," said he; "I could sell one of the same size for fifty ducats. Ah, there's no doubt there's nobody like me; I alone can make the flowers grow out under the brush." Then, as if recurring to his former train of thought, he exclaimed—

"But what good does my skill do me if I can't use it? Miserable that I am! the mine of gold is there, but I have not strength to work it! What day of the month is it, Gotta?"

"The twenty-ninth, uncle."

"Twenty-ninth! is it possible? And Vanbruk will be here in two days—in two days! What shall I do? God has forsaken me. I am ruined—hopelessly ruined!" he exclaimed, sinking back into his chair.

Gotta, thinking he was about to faint, administered some cordial, which had the effect of reviving him, and endeavoured to soothe and encourage him by kind words. At this moment the door opened, and Salomon the Jew appeared. Gotta uttered an exclamation of surprise, and waved her hand to him to retire; but it was too late, Van Huysum had seen him.

"There he is," said he, in a querulous, despairing tone; "there he is, coming for his pictures, and the money with him."

"Yes, master," replied the Jew, shaking the gold in a leathern bag and making it chink, "and in good Portuguese pieces, such as I know you like."

"Take them away," said the painter feebly; "don't come here to increase my trouble by the sight of money which I want, but am not able to earn."

The Jew removed his spectacles, and looked at him with an air of astonishment.

"What do you mean?" said he; "don't you want my money?"

"No; because I can't give you the paintings."

"But I've come to pay you for those which you have sent me."

Van Huysum looked at him fiercely—"That I sent you!" he exclaimed; "what do you mean?"

Gotta made several attempts to put a stop to the conversation, which was evidently fatiguing her uncle, and preventing any explanation; but he insisted upon having one.

"I faith," said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders, "it is easily given; your niece has given me two small pictures, for which I am about to pay you ten ducats, and a large one for which I shall pay you two hundred ducats."

"Pictures of mine!" repeated the painter.

"Yes," replied the Jew, "your large vase with the nest and the snail. It is a masterpiece; and I am now taking it to the Duke of Remberg."

"You have it with you then?" said Van Huysum.

"Yes, I have left it in the parlour."

"Show it to me; show it to me!"

The old painter arose and advanced towards one of the glass doors looking out upon the gallery. Salomon followed him, and on removing the cloth which covered a middle-sized picture, revealed to Van Huysum the work of which he spoke. The latter recognised at a glance one of the sketches which his illness had compelled him to abandon, but so well finished in his own style, and with the processes which he thought known only to himself, that on seeing it he started back with a cry of astonishment. A more minute examination, however, enabled him to discover certain touches which betrayed another hand.

"Who sold you that?" said he to Salomon, in a voice

hoarse with anger. "Where is the villain that has stolen my secret?"

"Here, uncle," said a soft imploring voice beside him. He turned, and there was Gotta on her knees, her hands clasped together, and big tears coursing rapidly down her marble cheeks.

"You!" said Van Huysum; "this painting by you! How did you find out my method?"

"Quite unintentionally; by watching you while at work," replied the girl.

came, and when I knew the time for paying Vanbruk the money due to him was approaching, and when I saw you careworn and anxious, I took courage, and thought that if I employed the knowledge I had stolen from you to give you comfort and repose, it would not be a theft, but restitution. Forgive me, uncle, if I was mistaken; but let me continue to work while you are no longer able to do so, and as soon as you are recovered, I promise you I will forget all I have learnt."

Gotta raised her streaming eyes to his, and the tears that



THE WAR HORSE.—AFTER ALBERT DURER.

"So, all my precautions were useless," said the painter, "since I had a spy in my house. And how long have you known it?"

"A long time," murmured Gotta. Van Huysum looked at her steadily.

"And why, then, did you not make use of it sooner?" he asked.

"Because then I only should have profitted by it," was her reply; "so long as you were able to hold the brush, I had no right to interfere with your discoveries; but when sickness

hung on the dark lashes glistened like pearls in the sunbeams that were reflected from the window. He took her tenderly by the hand, and thus proceeded:—

"God, my child," said he, "has taught me a great lesson, by setting your example before me. He has taught me that our gifts, whatever they may be, should not be selfishly kept for ourselves alone, but that our true happiness should be in sharing them with others. Keep the brush which to-day has proved our salvation. Until now there was but one Van Huysum: henceforth, I am willing there should be two."